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Eunice Weak. June 1902.

To President L. Clarke Seelye

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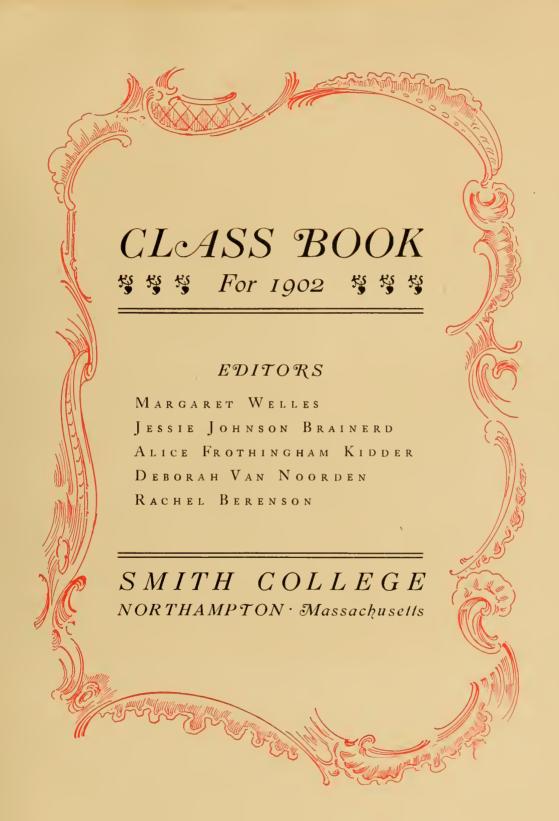
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The Class of 1902





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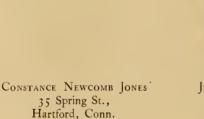
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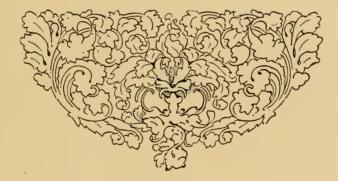
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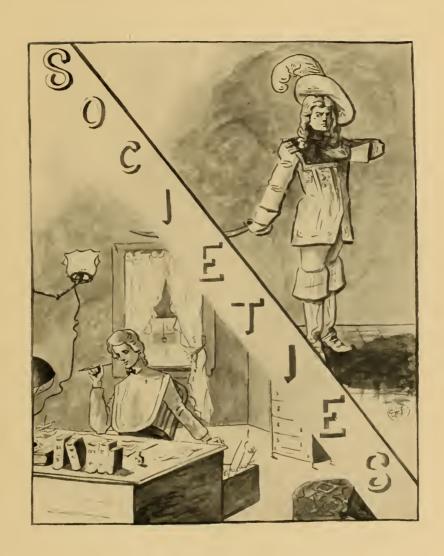
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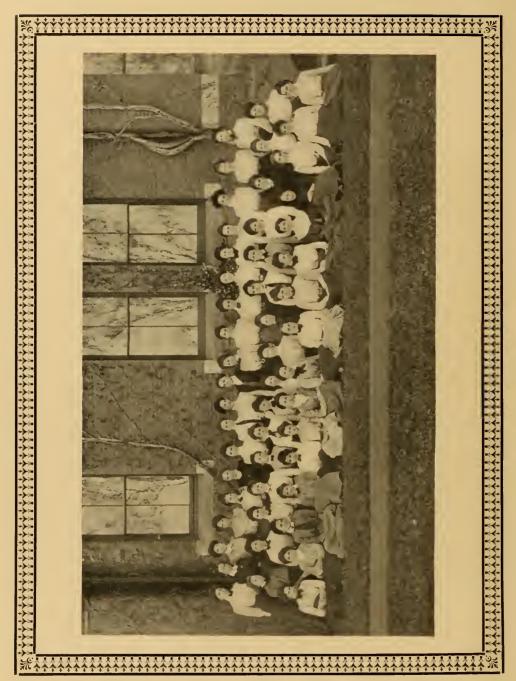
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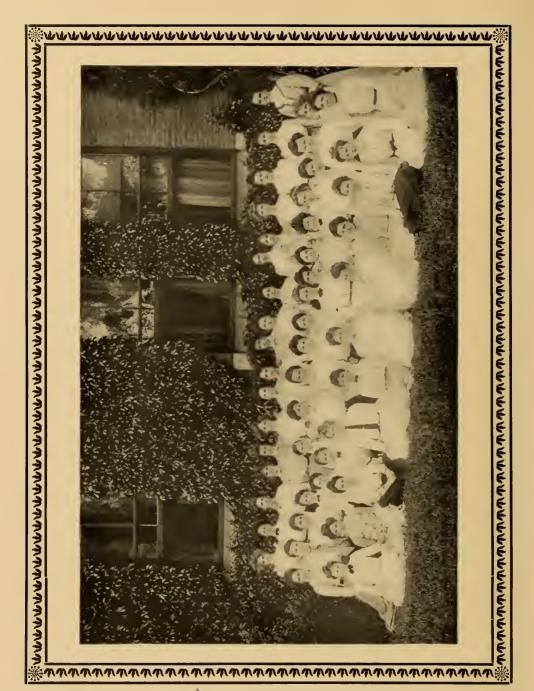
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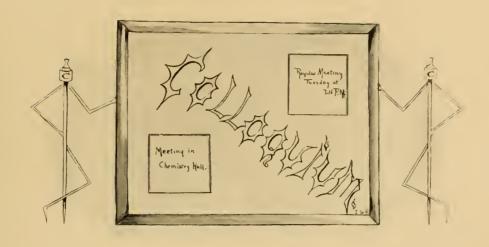
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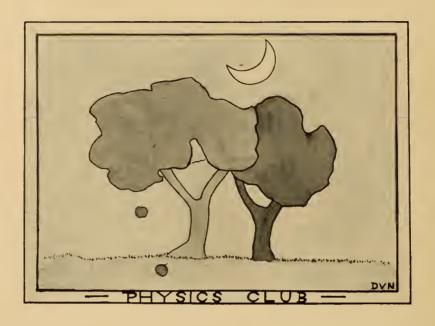
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Annie Mildred Barber Leona Crandall Julia Anna Davis Ethel Frances Fernald Mary Wales Glover Carrie Madeleine Hewes Alice Frothingham Kidder Louise Priest Putnam
Anna Arabella Ryan
Henrietta Hawtin Tifft
Gertrude Ogden Tubby
Louise Dunham Vanderbilt
Edith May Wells



BERTHA HAYNES HOLDEN, President

IDA BELLE TALCOTT, Vice-President

### Senior Members

Julia Anna Davis Jean Gertrude Jouett Maude Ellis Mellen Emma Heywood Otis Nanna Antonia Smith Edith May Wells



HELENA WENBERG PORTEOUS, President
NELLIE F. DUBOIS HENDERSON, 3d Member of Executive Committee

# Senior Members

MARY PARDEE ALLISON
EDITH LILIAN CLAFLIN
MARION LOUISE GAILLARD
NELLIE F. DU BOIS HENDERSON
BERTHA HAYNES HOLDEN

Louise Childs Perkins
Mary Hilliard Phillips
Helena Wenberg Porteous
Jennie Stanley Ripley
Lucy Southworth Wicker



# Mathematical Club

# Officers

EDITH LILIAN CLAFLIN, Vice-President
LUCY ETHEL COOKE, Secretary
RUTH JOSEPHINE KENT, Treasurer

# Senior Members

Edith Lilian Claflin Lucy Ethel Cooke RUTH JOSEPHINE KENT MARY WOODBURY



RACHEL BERENSON, Chairman Executive Committee, First Semester CLARA LOUISE DAVIS, Secretary and Treasurer, First Semester ELLEN LOUISE OSGOOD, Chairman Executive Committee, Second Semester

#### Senior Members

RACHEL BERENSON
EDITH LILIAN CLAFLIN
HELEN ISABEL CLARK
CLARA LOUISE DAVIS
JENNIE FOSTER EMERSON
LILIAN HOLBROOK
MARGARET HOLMAN

Mary Eulalia MacDonnell Agnes Loretto McMahon Bessie Louisa Neal Ellen Louise Osgood Helen Christine Pease Louise Childs Perkins



MABEL POST COULTER, Vice-President for First Semester

IDA GERTRUDE HEINEMANN, Vice-President for Second Semester

#### Senior Members

SELMA EISENSTADT ALTHEIMER
ETHEL KEELER BETTS
MABEL POST COULTER
ETHEL WITHINGTON CHASE
MARION LOUISE GAILLARD

Ida Gertrude Heinemann Mary Reed Howe Grace Loretta Hurley Helen Isabel Walbridge Selma Weil



SELMA EISENSTADT ALTHEIMER, Vice-President
EDITH MAY WELLS, Chairman of Executive Committee

#### Senior Members

SELMA EISENSTADT ALTHEIMER EDA VON LESKA BRUNÉ ALICE EDITH EGBERT ETHEL HALE FREEMAN MARION LOUISE GAILLARD CLARA ARABELLA GERRISH IDA GERTRUDE HEINEMANN BEATRICE AUSTIN MANNING MAIDA PEIRCE MARGARET WELLES EDITH MAY WELLS



# VIRGINIA BELL TOLAR, Chairman CLARA LOUISE DAVIS, Secretary

#### Members

Marion Aldrich
Eda von Leska Bruné
Clara Louise Davis
Winifred Woodford Dewing
Ethel Hale Freeman
Mary Abbe Gardner
Katharine Wheeler Holmes

BLANCHE WYCKOFF HULL
EDITH TABER JOHNSON
LOUISE KNAPP
EMMA HEYWOOD OTIS
SARAH SWIFT SCHAFF
VIRGINIA BELL TOLAR
SUSAN WATKINS

ELIZABETH KLOCK WHITIN



LEONA CRANDALL, Secretary

SARA FRANKLIN RICHARDS, Treasurer

BEATRICE AUSTIN MANNING, Chairman of Executive Committee

KATHERINE FISKE BERRY, On Executive Committee

#### Senior Members

SELMA EISENSTADT ALTHEIMER
KATHERINE FISKE BERRY
FLORENCE EMELINE CLEXTON
LEONA CRANDALL
ANNIE LOUISE CRANSKA
MARJARY LAWRENCE GILSON
STELLA ELIZABETH GOSS
MARY REED HOWE
ELOISE MABURY

BEATRICE AUSTIN MANNING
EDITH GRACE PLATT
HENRIETTA PRENTISS
SARA FRANKLIN RICHARDS
MARY GOVE SMITH
EDITH EUSTACE SOUTHER
ETHEL EDDY TREAT
JESSIE GERTRUDE WADSWORTH
SELMA WEIL

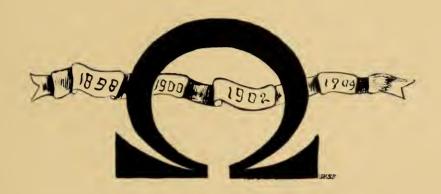


#### Sanior Mimbers

SELMIE MCALTHEIMER
EDIE FITZ-BRUNE
RACHY O'BERENSON
MAME O'BOHANNON
WINKIE O'DEWING
CUTIE FITZ-HARTER
MAMIE MCFERRISS
KATIE FITZ-HOLMES

EDY McJohnson
FATTY O'POTTER
SADIE O'SCHAFF
FANNY McValentayne
TIMMIE O'VANDERBILT
MAGGIE O'WELLES
MAMIE O'WOODBURY

EDIE FITZ-BRUNE, Chafe Cook and Bottle Washer



#### Members

BLANCHE WATSON BISSELL
WINIFRED WOODFORD DEWING
ETHEL HALE FREEMAN
BLANCHE WYCKOFF HULL
EDITH TABER JOHNSON
LOUISE KNAPP
BEATRICE AUSTIN MANNING
LAURA JERAULD PAXTON

EMMA HEYWOOD OTIS

EDITH GRACE PLATT

EDLA LANSING STOUT

VIRGINIA BELL TOLAR

FRANCES WADSWORTH VALENTINE

LOUISE DUNHAM VANDERBILT

MARGARET WELLES

ELIZABETH KLOCK WHITIN



JEAN GERTRUDE JOUETT EDITH EUSTACE SOUTHER

President Vice-President

#### Christian Union

JEAN GERTRUDE JOUETT EDITH EUSTACE SOUTHER ETHEL HALE FREEMAN

President Executive Officer

Chairman Membership Committee

# Bible Study Committee

EDITH EUSTACE SOUTHER

Chairman

### General Prayer-Meeting Committee

EDITH MAY WELLS

Chairman

#### Class Prayer-Meeting Committee

HELEN ISABEL WALBRIDGE

Chairman

#### Home Culture Club Work

ALICE EDITH EGBERT

College Secretary

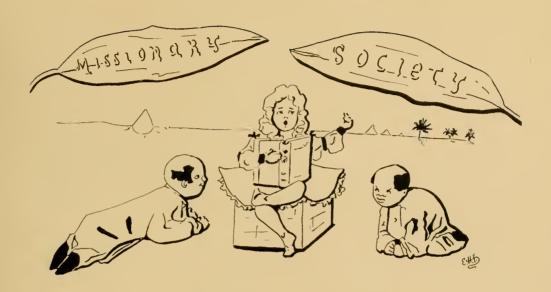
#### Needlework Guild

ELIZABETH HAMLIN MACNEIL Director

#### Consumers' League

EDITH GRACE PLATT

President



1901-1902

Annie Louise Cranska, President

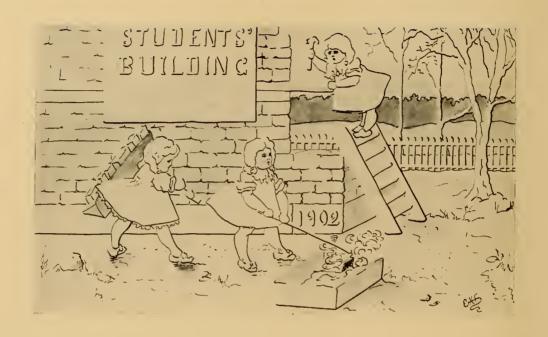
#### 1900-1901

KATHERINE FISKE BERRY, Vice-President
BERTHA HAYNES HOLDEN, Treasurer
EDITH EUSTACE SOUTHER, Secretary

#### Volunteer Band

ALICE DURYEE

EDITH MAY WELLS



MAY WALLACE BARTA, Chairman

#### Senior Members

MAY WALLACE BARTA
WINIFRED WOODFORD DEWING

BLANCHE WYCKOFF HULL VIRGINIA ELIZABETH MOORE



#### ETHEL HALE FREEMAN, President

#### Senior Councilors

ETHEL HALE FREEMAN ELOISE MABURY

Virginia Elizabeth Moore Emma Heywood Otis

#### Junior Councilors

Ethel Hale Freeman Eloise Mabury EMMA HEYWOOD OTIS

### Sophomore Councilors

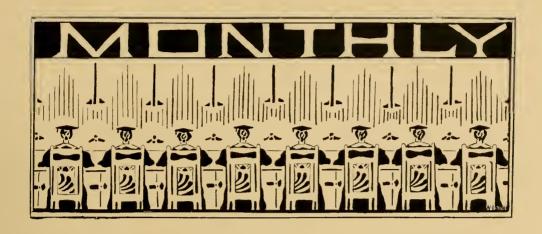
ELOISE MAYBURY

EMMA HEYWOOD OTIS

Freshman Councilor

EMMA HEYWOOD OTIS





# Editors from 1902

1

HELEN ISABEL WALBRIDGE
FLORENCE EVELYN \$MITH
VIRGINIA ELIZABETH MOORE
RUTH BARBARA CANEDY
GERTRUDE OGDEN TUBBY
ETHEL WITHINGTON CHASE
GRACE WHITING MASON
HELEN ESTHER KELLEY

Editor-in-Chief
Literary Editor
Sketches
Editor's Table
Alumnae Department
About College
Managing Editor
Business Manager



# Quarter Centenary Celebration

OCTOBER SECOND AND THIRD, 1900

# Tuesday

I	0.30 A. M.										
	Welcome by the President of the Students Council LAURA WOOLSEY LORD										
	Address										
	Music by College Glee, Mandolin and Banjo Clubs										
	Story Ellen Gray Barbour, 1903										
	Read by Blanche Lauriat, 1903										
	Poem Helen Isabel Walbridge, 1902										
	Read by Beatrice Manning, 1902										
	Music: "To Smith College" Susan Titsworth, 1897										
	Greeting of the Undergraduates LAURA WOOLSEY LORD										
	Music: "Fair Smith" REGINA KATHARINE CRANDALL, 1890										
4	P. M.										
	Processional										
	Greeting. Mrs. Lucia Clapp Noyes: President of the Smith College Alumnæ Association										
	Responses										
	For Literature, Anna Hempstead Branch, 1897										
	For Philanthropy, VIDA DUTTON SCUDDER, 1884										
	For Scholarship, Mary Whiton Calkins, 1885										
	For the Home and Family, Mrs. KATE MORRIS CONE, 1879										
	For Practical Life, Mrs. Elizabeth Lawrence Clark, 1889										
8	P. M.										
	Reception in Alumnæ Gymnasium										

# Wednesday

0.15 A. M.
Processional
Adagio Pathetique, for violin
Prayer: - Rt. Rev. WILLIAM DUDLEY LAWRENCE, D.D., Bishop of Massachusetts
Aria from "Elijah," "Hear ye Israel"
Congratulations of the Commonwealth
His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, John L. Bates
Address
Anthem. "Blessed be the name of God forever" B. C. BLODGETT
Historical Address Pres. L. CLARK SEELYE, D.D., LL.D.
Music. Hymn 177 (Tune "Miriam")
Recessional
30 P. M.
Processional
Pilgrim's Chorus
Addresses by
Hon. WILLIAM T. HARRIS, LL.D., U. S. Commissioner of Education
Dean Le Baron Russell Briggs, LL.D., Harvard University
President Arthur T. Hadley, LL.D., Yale University
President Seth Low, LL.D., Columbia University
President James M. Taylor, LL.D., Vassar College
President Caroline Hazard, L.H.D., Wellesley College
President M. CAREY THOMAS, LL.D., Bryn Mawr College



# Senior-Junior Debate

#### February 22, 1901

Resolved: That Federal Protection be extended to Negro Suffrage

#### Affirmative

#### 1902

I. Preble Chase
Virginia Moore
3 Gertrude Tubby
4 Ruth Canedy

#### Negative

#### 1901

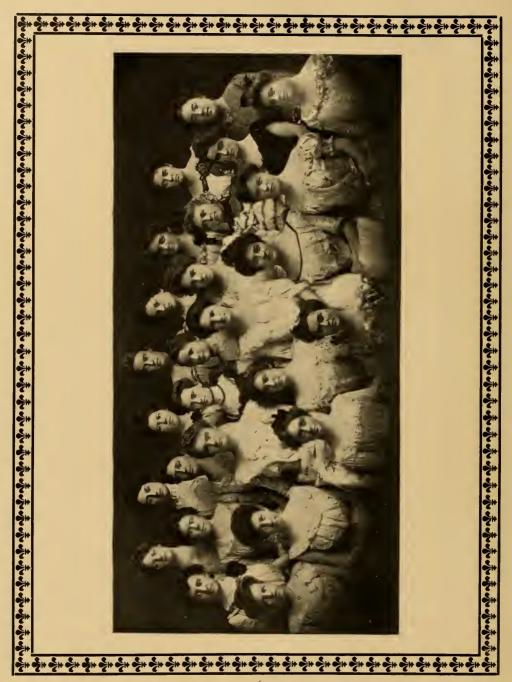
I EDITH BURBANK 3 MARIE STUART
2 ETHEL DE LONG 4 AGNES CHILDS

The debate was decided in favor of the negative.

The medal, offered to best junior or senior debater, was won by Marie Stuart, 1901.

The prize of \$50, offered to the best junior debater, was won by Gertrude Tubby, 1902.







### Officers

FLORENCE EMELINE CLEXTON, Leader Dorothy Amy Young, Manager RUTH HARTWELL STEVENS, Treasurer

#### FIRST SOPRANOS

ETHEL H. BIRCH, 1902 WINIFRED ELIZABETH SANTEE, 1902 VIRGINIA BELL TOLAR, 1902 DOROTHY AMY YOUNG, 1902

EVA MAY BECKER, 1903 ALICE BUTTERFIELD, 1903 ROMA BLANCHE CARPENTER, 1903 JENNIE FRANCES McCARROLL, 1903 ALICE VENELIA HATCH, 1904

#### SECOND SOPRANOS

SELMA EISENSTADT ALTHEIMER, 1902 Pauline Adele Long, 1902 Louise Woodbury, 1902

FLORENCE PROUTY DUNTON, 1903 PEARL SMITH SANBORN, 1903 MARY AMELIA KINNEY, 1904

#### FIRST ALTOS

FLORENCE EMELINE CLEXTON, 1902 MABEL McKEIGHAN, 1904 Edith Taber Johnson, 1902 EDITH GRACE PLATT, 1902

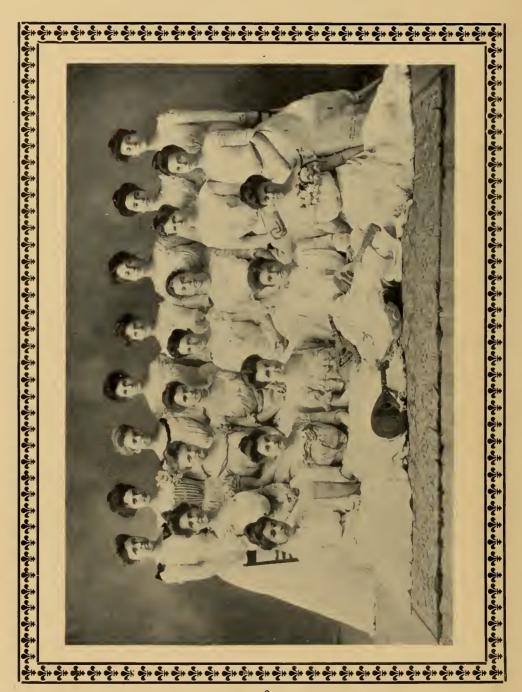
ALICE BERRY WRIGHT, 1904 Annie May Wright, 1904

#### SECOND ALTOS

GERTRUDE LOUISE CHAMPION, 1902 BERTHA MAY MACOMBER, 1903 CLARA LOUISE ERNST, 1902 Jessie Gertrude Wadsworth, 1902 Isabel Caldwell Wight, 1903

RUTH HARTWELL STEVENS, 1903

SELMA WEIL, Accompanist.





# Mandolin Club

1/2

ETHEL FRANCES FERNALD, 1902, Leader MARGARITA SAFFORD, 1903, Manager

#### FIRST MANDOLINS

VIRGINIA ELIZABETH MOORE, 1902 ETHEL HALE FREEMAN, 1902 ELIZABETH HAMLIN MACNEIL, 1902 CAROLINE HELFENSTEIN CHILDS, 1902

ALICE MORGAN WRIGHT, 1904 ELIZABETH WASHBURN MASON, 1904 EDITH MAYNARD KIDDER, 1904

#### SECOND MANDOLINS

ELIZABETH FINLEY BARNARD, 1904
BESSIE BELL BOYNTON, 1904

MARGARET CLARISSA ESTABROOK, 1904 CAROLINE TELLER GLEASON, 1902

#### **GUITARS**

Adelaide Louise Burke, 1902 Anna Charlotte Holden, 1903 Constance Saltonstall Patton, 1902

LUCRETIA CAROLINE HAYES, 1902 Ethel Frances Fernald, 1902

#### **VIOLINS**

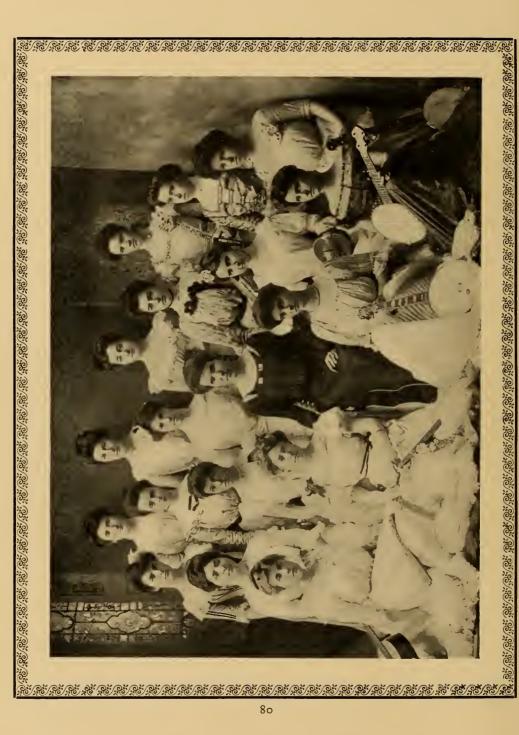
GRACE LORETTA HURLEY, 1902 BESSIE PENDLETON BENSON, 1904 Margarita Safford, 1903

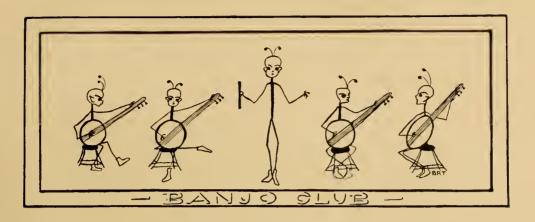
#### HARP

IRMA FLORINE ROTHSCHILD, 1904

#### 'CELLO

METTA JOSEPHINE HOLLOWAY, 1904





HELEN POWERS MANNING, 1902, Leader EDITH WHEELER VANDERBILT, 1902, Manager

#### · BANJEAURINES

Sybil Lavinia Cox, 1902 Harriet Frances Drake, 1902 Ursula Minor, 1902 Virginia Bartle, 1903 Harriet Sumner Clark, 1903 Alma Ethel Reed, 1903 Caroline van Hook Bean, 1903 Una Marie Winchester, 1904

#### SECOND BANJOS

Alice Dorothy Cruikshank, 1902 Edith Wheeler Vanderbilt, 1902 Louise Bronson West, 1902 Mary Ethel Bates, 1903

#### **GUITARS**

ETHEL MAY BLISS, 1902 HELEN POWERS MANNING, 1902 MARION HILL McClench, 1903 LILIAN IDA EHRICH, 1904 ELISABETH ABBOTT PARKER, 1904 CLARA LOUISE SHERMAN, 1904

#### MANDOLINS

Margaret Virginia Lusch, 1902 Caroline Mann, 1902 Maida Peirce, 1902 Florence Homer Snow, 1904



#### DOROTHY AMY YOUNG, Leader

#### Senior Members

HELEN HOITT ATHERTON, M.S.
SELMA EISENSTADT ALTHEIMER
ETHEL BRADLEY, ex-1902
GERTRUDE LOUISE CHAMPION
CLARA LOUISE ERNST
EDITH TABER JOHNSON

Louise Knapp
Edith Grace Platt
Virginia Bell Tolar
Gertrude Ogden Tubby
Winifred Elizabeth Santee
Jessie Gertrude Wadsworth

DOROTHY AMY YOUNG



HELEN WINSLOW DURKEE, Vice-President SELMA WEIL, Executive Committee HELEN HOITT ATHERTON, M. S., Executive Committee

#### Senior Members

#### HELEN HOITT ATHERTON, M.S.

Louise Henderson Irving CLARA HARRINGTON ALLEN RUTH ALLEN BENEDICT HELEN ESTHER KELLEY EMMA COMSTOCK BONFOEY LOUISE KNAPP

ALICE LOUISE CURTIS URSULA MINOR

HOPE DILL ALICE GERALDINE O'BRIEN, M.S.

HELEN WINSLOW DURKEE HELEN CHRISTINE PEASE EDITH GOODHUE ELY MARY HILLIARD PHILLIPS

EDNA BRADSTREET FRENCH MARION TERHUNE JESSIE ALINE GAY MARY EUNICE WEAD ETHEL AURELIA GREEN

SELMA WEIL

LOUISE BRONSON WEST











# Freshman Basket-Ball Team

MARGERY MAY FERRISS, Captain

Homes

JULIET PATTEN
CONSTANCE PATTON
HELEN WALBRIDGE

Guards

Margery Ferriss Harriet Emmons Louise Vanderbilt

Centres

Eda Bruné Agnes Inglis Mary Glover Katherine Harter

1900 Coaches

JAFFRAY SMITH

Dorcas Leese

1901 vs. 1902 Saturday, March 25, 1899 Score, 27-9

# 



# Sophomore Basket-Ball Team

MARGERY FERRISS, Captain

Homes

Helen Walbridge Edith Vanderbilt Frances Valentine Guards

Margaret Welles Louise Vanderbilt

Centres

KATHARINE HOLMES
AGNES INGLIS

Constance Patton
Katherine Harter

1900 Coaches

JAFFRAY SMITH

CAROLYN WESTON

1902 vs. 1903 Saturday, March 31, 1900 Score 19–10



#### OFFICERS FROM 1902

#### Freshman Year

KATHARINE WHEELER HOLMES

Representative

#### Sophomore Year

KATHARINE WHEELER HOLMES EDA VON LESKA BRUNÉ HARRIET SALLY EMMONS Secretary
Treasurer
Representative

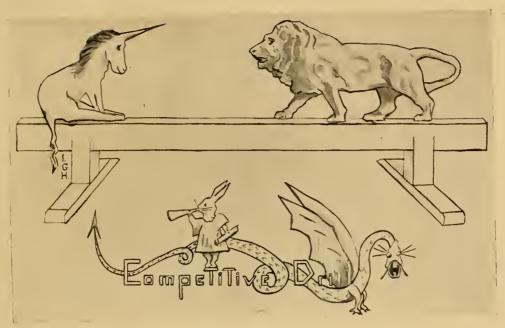
#### Junior Year

KATHARINE WHEELER HOLMES MARGERY MAY FERRISS MARGERY MAY FERRISS HELEN DUER WALKER First Vice-President Representative Chairman Tennis Committee Chairman Boat Committee

#### Senior Year

KATHARINE WHEELER HOLMES MARGERY MAY FERRISS

Second Vice-President Representative



#### 1900 — Captains

JAFFRAY SMITH, 1900 MARGERY FERRISS, 1902 Ellen Emerson, 1901 Jessie Ames, 1903

POINTS FOR THE FLAG. CLASS WORK

1900, 15½. 1901, 16.49. 1902, 13. 1903, 16.51.

POINTS FOR THE CUP. CLASS AND INDIVIDUAL WORK

1900, 42½. 1901, 41. 1902, 51.

1901—Captains

ELLEN EMERSON, 1901 JESSIE AMES, 1903 Margery Ferriss, 1902 Emma Dill, 1904

POINTS FOR THE FLAG. CLASS WORK 1901,  $18\frac{1}{4}$ . 1902,  $14\frac{3}{8}$ . 1903,  $16\frac{3}{4}$ . 1904,  $16\frac{17}{40}$ . POINTS FOR THE CUP. CLASS AND INDIVIDUAL WORK 1901,  $46\frac{1}{4}$ . 1902,  $28\frac{3}{8}$ . 1903,  $59\frac{3}{4}$ .

1902 — Captains

MARGERY FERRISS, 1902 EMMA DILL, 1904 FANNY CLEMENT, 1903 Edna Capen, 1905

POINTS FOR THE FLAG. CLASS WORK 1902,  $15\frac{13}{16}$ . 1903,  $16\frac{7}{13}$ . 1904,  $16\frac{1}{8}$ . 1905,  $17\frac{1}{2}$ . POINTS FOR THE CUP. CLASS AND INDIVIDUAL WORK 1902,  $42\frac{13}{16}$ . 1903,  $43\frac{7}{16}$  1904,  $52\frac{1}{8}$ .

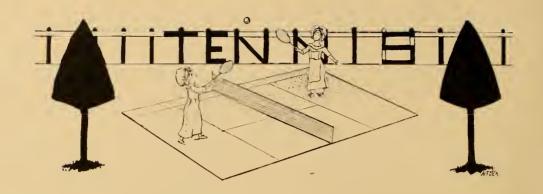




# 

# 1902 Golf Team

Alice Frothingham Kidder
Georgia Austin Wright
Alice Frothingham Kidder
KATHARINE WHEELER HOLME
Alice Frothingham Kidder
KATHARINE WHEELER HOLME
Mary Abbe Gardner
Mabel Post Coulter



# Championships

				1	899				
Singles							Janet Sheldon, 1901		
Doubles	•	•					Dorcas Leese Beatrice Pickett } 1900		
				1	900				
Singles						•	Agnes Patton, 1901		
Doubles		•					Agnes Patton Marion Aldrich		
				1	901				
Singles							Marion Aldrich, 1902		
Doubles							Marion Aldrich Katharine Holmes		

# Committees

# Junior-Senior Entertainment

#### 1

#### **COMMITTEES**

#### Entertainment

RACHEL BERENSON, Chairman

Marion Louise Gaillard Nellie F. Du Bois Henderson

SABINA MARSHALL
SARAH SWIFT SCHAFF

#### Refreshments

MARY HILTON COBURN, Chairman

EDITH GOODHUE ELY

ANNE MAUDE CLARK

#### Souvenirs

DEBORAH VAN NOORDEN, Chairman

ETHEL MARION STRATTON
BERENICE RACHEL TUTTLE

Ida Belle Talcott Laura Johnson Westcott

#### Music

JULIA WARREN SMITH, Chairman

Adelaide Louise Burke

GRACE LORETTO HURLEY

Helen Powers Manning

#### Invitations

HULDA ELIZABETH PETTENGILL, Chairman

EMMA COMSTOCK BONFOEY

ELIZABETH LEAVITT
MAUDE ELLIS MELLEN

ALICE LAURA EASTWOOD

ETHEL LEWIS OSGOOD

Jessie Aline Gay Emily Douglas Huntington

Louise Priest Putnam

MARY HILLIARD PHILLIPS

# Program

#### "THE MARRIAGE OF GWYNETH."

Gwyneth	٠							Етнег	Barnes
Rodic						$I_{DA}$	GERT	RUDE HE	INEMANN
Armel						Сг	ara A	RABELLA	Gerrish
Father of G	wynet	:h			Cor	NSTAN	CE SAL	TONSTALL	PATTON
Perronik							Eda	von Leska	a Bruné



# Song to 1901

'Tis time's majestic loom that bears
The fabric of our college years.
With warp of sun and woof of shade,
Our hopes, our fears, the web is laid.
Sometimes the thread may faltering be,
But through our changing destiny
One thread of purest gold is spun,
'Tis love for Smith and 1901.

Dear college mates, e'en now the hush Of farewell dims the loom's swift rush; Already from the loom there move The webs of those we e'er shall love. To brighter tint the somber ground We weave love fibres in, and round Our hearts, that stand for courage bold, We twine the tried faith of the gold.

Dear senior class, we sing to thee A song of love and loyalty.

To thee, whate'er the days may bring,
Our tenderest memories still will cling.
For thee, the parting of the ways,
Beyond the violet mountain's haze.
For us, the hope that when we're done
We'll be as loved as 1901.







#### MAY 29, 1901

#### Committee

BLANCHE WYCKOFF HULL, General Chairman

#### Program

WINIFRED WOODFORD DEWING, Chairman EDITH WARNER BROWN

Deborah van Noorden

BERTHA HELEN PRENTISS

#### Music

ELIZABETH HAMLIN MACNEIL, Chairman

MARGERY MAY FERRISS

PAULINE ADELE LONG

SELMA WEIL

#### Invitation

MARY MACDONALD BOHANNON, Chairman

EDITH ELIZABETH FALES

HELEN ESTHER KELLEY

#### Floor

RUTH HAWTHORNE FRENCH, Chairman

IOSEPHINE ROLAND LAMSON MARY WALES GLOVER

MARY ABBE GARDNER

Persis Rosamond Straight

#### Refreshment

KATHERINE HARTER Bessie Louisa Neal MAROE SATER

GRACE BLAIR WATKINSON

#### Ushers

MABEL POST COULTER, Head Usher

ETHEL BARNES

Mrs. Egbert

BLANCHE WATSON BISSELL WINIFRED WOODFORD DEWING

HELEN WINSLOW DURKEE BEATRICE AUSTIN MANNING

MRS. ROLAND COTTON SMITH

MRS. HENRY M. TYLER

Mrs. Isabelle Devereux MRS. MARY G. TALLANT

ELIZABETH HAMLIN MACNEIL IOSEPHINE ROLAND LAMSON LAURA JERAULD PAXTON

MAIDA PEIRCE

ELLA BLODGETT VAN TUYL

SUSAN WATKINS

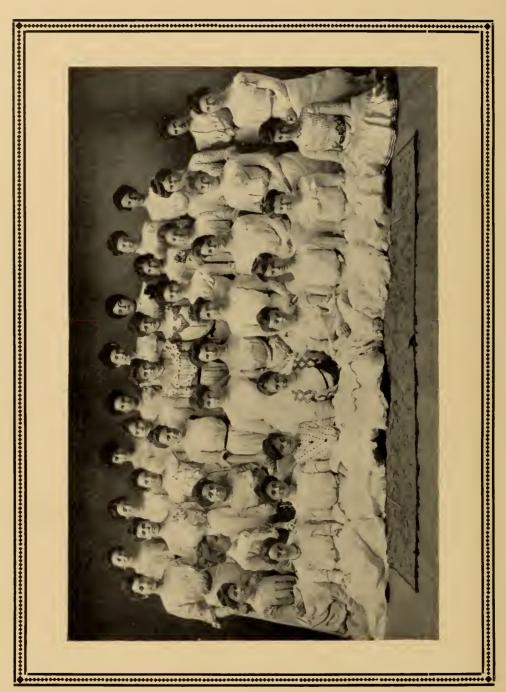
#### Patronesses

MISS HANSCOM Miss Woodruff

MISS BENTON MISS BERENSON

Miss Barrows

MISS HUBBARD



### Junior Ushers

Marion Aldrich
Selma Eisenstadt Altheimer
May Wallace Barta
Rachel Berenson
Eda von Leska Bruné
Ruth Barbara Canedy
Ethel Withington Chase

FLORENCE EMELINE CLEXTON
SYBIL LAVINIA COX
ALICE EDITH EGBERT
ETHEL FRANCES FERNALD
MARGERY MAY FERRISS
RUTH HAWTHORNE FRENCH
CLARA ARABELLA GERRISH
MARJARY LAWRENCE GILSON
STELLA ELIZABETH GOSS
KATHERINE HARTER
BERTHA HAYNES HOLDEN
MARGARET HOLMAN

KATHARINE WHEELER HOLMES

ALICE FROTHINGHAM KIDDER

MARY REED HOWE

JEAN GERTRUDE JOUETT

LOUISE KNAPP
ELOISE MABURY

VIRGINIA ELIZABETH MOORE

Emma Heywood Otis Edith Grace Platt

Faith Potter Marie Pugsley

SARAH SWIFT SCHAFF MAUDE ALICE SHATTUCK FLORENCE EVELYN SMITH

Mary Gove Smith Edith Eustace Souther Edla Lansing Stout Virginia Bell Tolar

Frances Wadsworth Valentine

Helen Duer Walker Clara Louise Warren Margaret Welles

ELIZABETH KLOCK WHITIN GRACE WHITING MASON DOROTHY AMY YOUNG

CAROLYN HELFENSTEIN CHILDS

ETHEL HALE FREEMAN



### Senior Committees

Senior Pins

MARION ALDRICH

CLARA LOUISE DAVIS

KATHERINE HARTER

Class Book

MARGARET WELLES
JESSIE JOHNSON BRAINERD

Deborah van Noorden

RACHEL BERENSON

ALICE FROTHINGHAM KIDDER

Photographs

MABEL POST COULTER

HELEN WINSLOW DURKEE

LILLIE HARPER NELSON

Rally Songs

KATHERINE FISKE BERRY

FLORENCE EMELINE CLEXTON

LUCY SOUTHWORTH WICKER

Ivy Song

DOROTHY AMY YOUNG
RUTH BARBARA CANEDY

FLORENCE EMELINE CLEXTON

CLARA LOUISE WARREN

Ivy Day Music

FLORENCE EMELINE CLEXTON

LOUISE WOODBURY

Campus

BERTHA HAYNES HOLDEN
MARY WALES GLOVER

LUCIA COYLE DEWEY

MARY REED HOWE

Maida Peirce

### Order in Marching

Frances Wadsworth Valentine

Sabina Marshall

KATHARINE WHEELER HOLMES

SARA FRANKLIN RICHARDS

Maude Alice Shattuck

### Presents

ELIZABETH HAMLIN MACNEIL

STELLA ELIZABETH GOSS

IDA GERTRUDE HEINEMANN

### Printing

Louise Knapp Leona Crandall Louise Dunham Vanderbilt Ethel Withington Chase

HELENA WENBERG PORTEOUS

### Commencement Ozatoz

ALICE EDITH EGBERT

EDITH LARABEE LEWIS

FLORENCE EVELYN SMITH

### Class Supper

Blanche Watson Bissell Elizabeth Klock Whitin Mary Pardee Allison Winifred Woodford Dewing Virginia Bell Tolar Eloise Mabury

Joy Exercises

Class of nineteen hundred and two

amille a 11

Belen Esther Felley, Chairman Ethel Reeler Betts Mary Ennice Mead Edith Enstnee Honther Kaura Mary Kogers

### Preliminary Dramatics Committee

VIRGINIA ELIZABETH MOORE, Chairman

Selma Eisenstadt Altheimer Eda von Leska Bruné ALICE EDITH EGBERT
GRACE WHITING MASON





### Senior Dramatics Committee

BLANCHE WYCKOFF HULL
SARAH SWIFT SCHAFF
HELEN WINSLOW DURKEE
SELMA WEIL
RUTH HAWTHORNE FRENCH
MARION ALDRICH

General Chairman Advisory Member Chairman Committee on Costumes Chairman Committee on Music Business Manager Stage Manager

### Sub-Committees

### COSTUMES

EDITH ELIZABETH FALES

GRACE WHITING MASON

MUSIC

ETHEL WITHINGTON CHASE

KATHERINE HARTER

LAURA JERAULD PAXTON

MUSIC

ETHEL FRANCES FERNALD

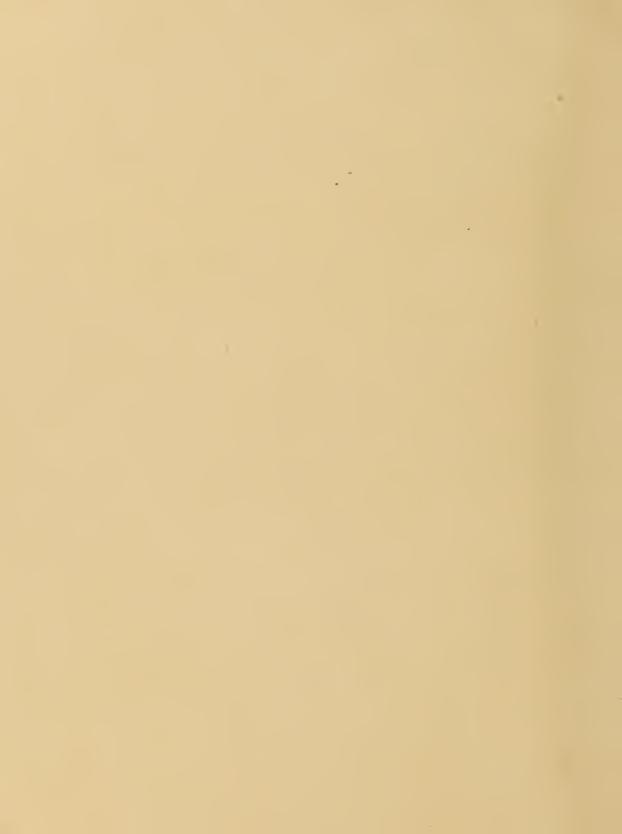
KATHARINE WHEELER HOLMES

Assistant Business Manager

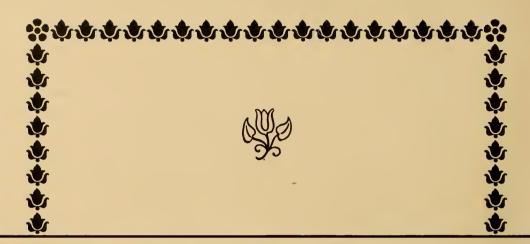
FRANCES VALENTINE

GRACE BLAIR WATKINSON

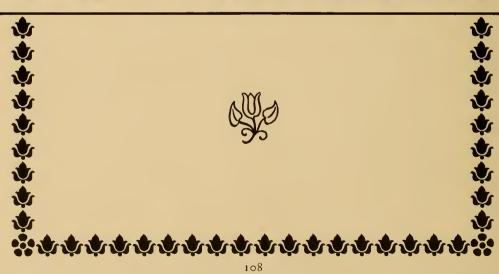
Assistants to Stage Manager



# Senior Week









### "Romeo and Juliet"

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 7.30 P.M.

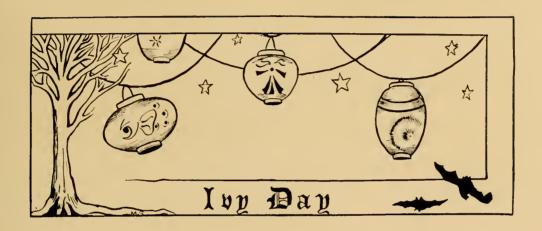
Thursday, June 12, Dress Rehearsal; Friday, June 13; Saturday, June 14

### Caste

Escalus, Prince of Vernon						IDA GERTRUDE HEINEMANN
Paris, a young nobleman, kinsman to the prin	ce					Maida Peirce
Montague )	*	1 .1				( Louise Woodbury
Montague Capulet	e with ea	ach oth	er	•		MARGERY FERRISS
An old man of the Capulet family .						Nellie Du Bois Henderson
Romeo, son to Montague						SELMA EISENSTADT ALTHEIMER
Mercutio, kinsman to the prince and friend to	Romeo					MARY MACDONALD BOHANNAN
Benvolio, nephew to Montague and friend to	Romeo					. ETHEL HALE FREEMAN
Tybalt, nephew to Lady Capulet .						BLANCHE ELIZABETH BARNES
Friar Lawrence, Franciscan						JESSIE GERTRUDE WADSWORTH
Balthasar, servant to Romeo						Frances Mary Gardiner
Sampson ( Servants to Capulet						( Myra McClelland
Sampson   Servants to Capulet .  Peter, servant to Juliet's nurse	•	•	•	•		MARGARET WELLES
Peter, servant to Juliet's nurse						. Eda von Leska Brune
Abram, servant to Montague						LOUISE KNAPP
An Apothecary					Co	INSTANCE SALTONSTALL PATTON
Lady Montague, wife to Montague						
Lady Capulet, wife to Capulet						. Edith Warner Brown
Juliet, daughter to Capulet						. EDITH GRACE PLATT
Nurse to Juliet						RACHEL BERENSON

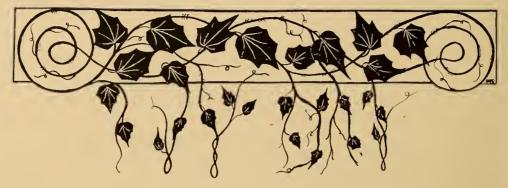


	SENIOR	CLASS	PRAY	ER-ME	ETING	
Music Hall						9.30 А. М.
	JEAN	GERTRE	JDE JOU	ETT, Lea	nder	
	BACC	ALAUR	EATE	EXERC	EISES	
First Congregation	onal Church					4.00 P. M.
	Sermon	by Presid	ent L. (	Clarke S	SEELYE	
		VESPE	R SER	VICE		
Assembly Hall						7.00 P. M.



### Monday, June 16

Chapel Service				•	. 9.00 а.м.
Ivy Exercises .					. IO.OO A.M.
Society Reunions					4.00-6.00 Р.М.
Art Reception					4.00-6.00 Р.М.
Promenade Concert					. 7.00 P.M.
President's Reception	n				8.00-10.00 Р.М.



## Ivy Song

I

Once more for us the mountains glow
In summer's golden sheen,
Once more for us bright flowers blow,
While here we linger, loth to go,
Leaving our ivy green.

П

Behind us — memory of days

Like fleeting dreams, wherein

Are love and hope and gracious ways.

Be thou the emblem of our praise,

Oh ivy vine of green.

III

Before us lie far kingdoms new
Whose portals yet unseen,
Gladly we enter, brave and true.
Thy strength is ours, to dare and do
All things, O ivy green.

IV

And while swift years their courses run,
This loving task be thine!
Bind thou our hearts here, one by one,
Hold thou our love for days now done,
Thou ever-living vine.

EDITH TURNER NEWCOMB. Music by SELMA WEIL



Tuesday, June 17
College Hall
ORATOR
Rev. Edward Everett Hale, S.T.D., LL.D.
COLLATION
Alumnæ Gymnasium
ALUMNÆ MEETING
Alumnæ Gymnasium
CLASS SUPPER
Alumnæ Gymnasium 7.00 P.M.

### Class Supper

### Tuesday, June 17, Alumnæ Gymnasium, 6.30 P.M.

"We have a trifling foolish banquet toward."

— Romeo and Juliet, Act I, Scene 5.

### SARAH SWIFT SCHAFF, Toastmistress

16

I. The College and Faculty

"Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;

Else would I—"

— Act II, Scene 2.

Freshman History

HELEN ISABEL WALBRIDGE

II. The Workers

EDA VON LESKA BRUNE

"Beshrew your heart, for sending me about
To catch my death with jaunting up and down."

- Act II, Scene 5.

Sophomore History

KATHARINE WHEELER HOLMES

III. Senior Dramatics

RACHEL BERENSON

"Oh me! What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all."

— Act I, Scene 1.

Junior History

Sybil Lavinia Cox

IV. Men and Boys

MARGARET WELLES

"O heavy lightness! serious vanity!" — Act I, Scene 1.

ETHEL WITHINGTON CHASE

Senior History

FLORENCE EVELYN SMITH

V. Our Class

"The all-seeing sun

Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun."

— Act I, Scene 2.

# Literary.

# 

"Be the day weary, or be the day long,
At last it weareth to Evensong."



OMMENCEMENT closes a day in our lives. For some of us it has been long, for some short, but for all, something that must be counted. Each one of us, after a college day, has stood under the straight pines, watching the light fade from the city until it touched only the two crosses on the church towers. So now, after a longer day, we stop to remember the past and to realize that the future is no longer to be dreamed of, but to be met.

For the future is no far off intangible vision. It begins, for us, to-morrow, and in the face of commencement there is much that we are supposed to be able to say. We are expected to be near the fulfilment of practical ideals, and more near to making visionary ideals a part of our everyday living. We ought to be well-equipped, strong in body and mind. Yet how many of these virtues are we ready to claim? After all, it is the end that crowns the work, and our college is not what we are to-day, except in the most superficial sense. Our rating in the official records may be completed, but the college has not finished with us, nor we with the college. Its influence is something that is ours, whether we will or not. As a great power it has grown into our lives and become part of them. Whether we are what the world calls well-equipped now, who shall say? The college is judged not by what we are, but what we will be.

As we have no right to judge of the college until our lives are lived, how, then, have we more right to predict our lives from the standpoint of the college life? Yet as Freshmen we felt that the four years ahead of us were decisive and symbolic. It is just on this point that our attitude then and now differs. At the beginning we seemed to be setting out to accomplish something definite and tangible, as one marks out his work for the day. We planned courses and expected that college honors, or

the lack of them, would convince us of our success or failure. By this success or failure we intended to abide for the rest of our lives—since in those days we all expected to be successful. This success meant recognition, society membership, everything that makes the gulf between the representative and the unrecognized; that such a gulf existed we did not doubt. Working on this basis we consciously, or unconsciously, tried to attain the college honors.

We are the average type of class, and are proud to hold ourselves so. Some of us stumbled into prominence, others, perhaps, deserved it, yet most of us managed to be overlooked. Little by little we became vaguely disappointed. Honors were hardly distributed just as we would have done it. Those who had, seemed to get. The hardest students received least praise, and we felt that things were not just. However, we still clung blindly to our belief in the efficacy of the college honor, but lost it in poetic justice.

To-day we stand before the future, and to-day, at least, we may be excused for seeing things in their largest significance. Why should we not change our old ideal for a better one, believing less in the efficacy of the college honor and more in the poetic justice that attends on purpose? How can we stand here as a class and judge one another on the basis of our college honors, or even on the basis of success? Is to-morrow still to find us the brilliant and the non-brilliant?

There is only one answer. Life is more than college, and, on the authority of those who have lived it, the honors to be found therein are few. "He has a hopeful spirit who would look in such an enterprise to be successful." There is indeed one element in human destiny that not blindness itself can controvert. Whatever else we are intended to do, we are not intended to succeed. Failure is the fate allotted. It is so, above all, in the art of living well."

After all, it is not success that we want, either in life or in college. The thing itself is bare. Do none of us remember slipping through a course unconditioned, but without much respect for ourselves, and with even less for that course? It is more comfortable to get what you deserve, and an undeserved honor brings with it its own punishment.

If the best that we can get out of our college life does not come to us out of its so-called honors, surely we must find it somewhere else, and truly it would be easier for most of us to look elsewhere for it. Many, aside from not getting the honors, or not making the best of them, which comes to the same thing in the end, have felt that they have made an absolute failure. Some of us came to college hampered by preparation, by circumstances which an outsider would only guess. Suppose such a one find college distasteful and difficult. She will often be pitifully frightened out of confidence in herself, in her own power of mind and will.

Daily it is proven that the difficult for her is play to others. She is more and more confused with insurmountable difficulties before and misunderstanding behind. Surely the honors are not for her, but, more than that, she is undeniably a failure.

There is something about failure that is disagreeable—even the sound of the word itself. We none of us care to be failures, and yet, when our vanity has recovered sufficiently, we cannot help but see that it can teach us even more than success, if at the same time it urges us not to shirk responsibility. Suppose the college failure has trained herself by a terribly painful process to conquer her distaste, to learn in the right way, and has dominated her whole intellectual life by the force of her will—she may still be a failure, yet what success has taught such hard lessons—lessons that all of us will have to learn eventually.

Spiritually the college failure starts far ahead of the college success, and far enough to equalize any advantage that may be the others, of confidence or recognition. And so, at the last, the old classification drops. It is not on the "Vulgar Mars called work" that sentence will be pronounced. It is no longer society and non-society, recognized and unrecognized.

This is the end and the beginning. The starting line stretches straight before us all. Facing life we are curiously equal, and there is a place in the world for each of us to fill. Nothing matters, whether of circumstance or environment, but only whether we make the best of what we are, within and without.

It is this that college has given us; its best that comes through honorable defeat: to know that life is an opportunity, sometimes of success, more often of failure: to see that if we fail ultimately it will not be because of fortune or misfortune, but because we did not take the opportunity itself; to believe that where there may be honors for some there is surely a finer success for all. Browning goes out beyond Stevenson as life beyond its college day:

"Then welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
That bids not sit nor stand, but go.
For thence, a paradox
Which comforts while it mocks,
Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail."

H. WALBRIDGE.

# Freshman Class History

E descended upon the peaceful town of Northampton in the fall of '98. In our descent we were aided by the painstaking conductors, into whose hands our weeping families had committed us.

By these considerate individuals we were urged not to leave any articles in the car, and were safely passed on to the S. C. A. C. W. with our household effects intact. Being determined, however, to avoid any pitfalls, we passed by all charitable-looking persons, and, trying to

look as self-possessed as we should have liked to feel, we entered college on our own responsibility.

Our arrival had been heralded by the enthusiastic faculty, and by those students who were so fortunate as to be here at the time. It was rumored that we were the largest as well as the most brilliant class that had ever cheered the heart of Alma Mater. That, however, was as far as it went. Perhaps our looks were against us; perhaps our policy of "running and finding out" things for ourselves was a bit too enterprising; perhaps we deposited too many registration blanks in the theme boxes. At any rate our popularity declined upon the moment of our appearance.

By the time mid-years came we were the despair of the college. Other classes had been encouraged on such occasions by the Chapel exercises. They had been told, "A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee." We were ushered to our first examinations with the encouraging verse, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof"; and sufficient it certainly was. Alma Mater wiped her streaming eyes with one hand, and delivered low grades and conditions with the other. Her sentiments, as near as we could estimate, were somewhat on the order of "It hurts me more than it does you, my child." Not that we minded this at all. We had always heard that to be great was to be misunderstood. Therefore we were sorry for the faculty. When some particularly long-suffering professor thought he saw a faint glimmering of reason on our

part, or some feeble recognition of something we should have had in preparatory school, we smiled feebly to reassure him, and then proceeded to flunk contentedly. How could the faculty be supposed to know that we were taking our time and learning—well, lots of things that we should hardly like to tell them even now! We considered that silence was golden, and really only natural caution, considering our position.

We approved of caution before all other virtues. From the first we appeared to accept what we saw, and asked no questions, with the result that the committee, whose misfortune it was to compile an elevating little booklet called the "Pathfinder," had to invent all our bright speeches for us. This was hard on the committee, since they had to fill in with what they remembered of their own witticisms of the year before.

For a year we kept quiet, though busy. We learned how to negotiate with Mrs. Boyden, how far Mr. Dolman was to be confided in, the family history of the professors, and likewise their pet names. We became acquainted with the World, the Flesh, and the Devil. Not having a reputation to support, and standing in no fear of getting a worse one, we existed contentedly, if frugally. The college culinary department advised then, as it does now, plain living and high thinking.

In time, however, we came to the conclusion that it was no longer wise to hide our light under a bushel. This modesty on our part made things a little inconvenient for us at times. Tutoring was expensive. Consequently there came a time when we spoke. No one knows when the great revelation came. We did nothing startling. We did not cover ourselves with great glory in the basket-ball game, in spite of the fact that we were encouraged to stretch "every nerve and press with vigor on." Suddenly, however, we began to be appreciated. Upper classmen asked themselves how we could be so nice and yet so learned. Alma Mater welcomed us back again, and congratulated herself on having known it all the time.

In spite of all this, we were not conceited. We entered upon our new career with becoming gravity, and surprised one of the Sophomore professors into remarking, "You're not half as stupid as I expected," and upon this we smiled.

HELEN WALBRIDGE.



# Sophomore History

LTHOUGH 1902 had grown smaller in numbers during the summer of '99, it returned to Northampton in the fall feeling larger in many ways, and with that sense of increased importance and self-sufficiency which befits the Sophomore. Nor was this attitude unwarranted, for was it not the logical outcome of our success as Freshmen?

Of course our first duty, after letting the college know that we were here, was to the Freshmen, and how

eagerly we accepted the responsibility of their training. Socially, as well as in other ways, we endeavored to make them feel at home from the time when we met them at the station up to the evening when, each with a little friend in tow, we wended our way to the gymnasium, to give our final sanction to their presence here, and to show them how witty we could be at their expense. With what base ingratitude did they reward our efforts in their behalf, when a little later on they flatly refused to have 1902 represented in their class picture, thereby causing great annoyance to the photographer as well as to Mr. King.

Having started the Freshmen in the right direction, we now found more time for our own affairs. There were weighty questions to solve as to whether we should become chemists, botanists, zoölogists, or astronomers. There was one course, however, which seemed to be the almost unanimous choice of the class, and which continued to be an unmingled source of pleasure throughout Sophomore year. Will any of us ever forget the delightful "periods" spent in English 5 (b), where we learned to distinguish alliteration from syzygy, Shakespeare from Milton, and rhyme couplet from prose?

Meanwhile we were setting the pace for the other classes in the gymnasium. The great question, after mid-years were over, was, "Who will get the cup?" and each class had its own idea as to the answer. In the general opinion we were not

regarded as a possible winner, but, nothing daunted, we "lay low," like Brer Rabbit, and worked hard. And with what a glorious result! Nineteen-two the first owner of the cup, with seven points to spare, and good old Nineteen Hundred second. After this we found that we had quite outgrown our old emblem, the red raven, and so the victorious red lion came on the scene as a more fitting emblem of the class; and, to do him credit, he has roared for us ever since just as loyally as if we had had him from the beginning. Our enthusiasm was somewhat dampened at this time by certain rumors as to the splendid way in which the Freshmen were working up in secret practice, and how they expected to follow up the example of '99 by a Freshman victory in the basket-ball game. Well, we did not grudge them their joys of anticipation, as long as everything came our way the day of the game, as, of course, it did. Our new red lion was only waiting for the chance to show what stuff he was made of, and when, after the game, the paw of the lion clasped the hoof of the purple cow, there was a feeling of gratitude and pardonable pride on both sides.

The Sophomores and Seniors had always been the best of friends, and we did not let spring term go by without showing our appreciation of all they had done for us. It won't do for us to crack up our Sophomore-Senior entertainment too much, but it is enough to say that it was such a success from the undergraduate point of view that the faculty decided that it would be a good one with which to end up, so that now all such business is done at retail, we hear.

Taking us all in all, if any one dares to hint that we were not the best Sophomore class that ever patronized Freshmen and reverenced Seniors, let her forever after hold her peace, or, at least, not mention the fact here, for we won't believe her.

KATHARINE WHEELER HOLMES.



# Junior Class History



HE "Comedy of Errors" — Freshman year — of errors that were comical to every one except our perplexed little selves, was two years past. The year when we made "Much Ado About Nothing," according to our elders — we don't believe it — was gone, too. And now that curious, elusive change which certain of the faculty notice always takes place in every class between the "second" and junior years, had taken place in us. What had happened to us in those long days — and

— evenings, of the summer vacation? From somewhere the dignity befitting a Smith College Junior had descended upon us, and, clothed therein, with the last of the persistent pig-tails neatly elevated, we came back for the year that was to be, if popular tradition was to be believed, "As We Liked It." As it turned out, at least part of it was as the faculty liked it, but that is neither here nor there; besides, it's all the same. Our seats in chapel were, on the whole, to our liking. We no longer sat sidewise and uncomfortable, and hummed the hymns because the books did n't go back beyond the second row. It is true that that pleasing sense of familiarity with the choir and the back hair of the faculty had gone. Gone, too, were the days when we did our breathing exercises for elocution during the Scripture reading, or put books in the seats in front for our friends to sit—unexpectedly elevated—upon. But one cannot expect to remain always young, pleasant as it is.

As we had often thought of our dear faculty on those afore-mentioned summer evenings, so, it appeared, had our dear faculty thought of us,—perhaps on those same summer evenings. For behold, to surprise us—an addition to the observatory, with steps! We had long felt that the observatory steps were all inadequate to furnish sitting room for ourselves and our men on pleasant evenings. Even now they left something to be desired, but it was kind in the faculty to think of it, and it 's not our way to "look a gift horse in the mouth."

Another proof of the kindly thought of the faculty. On the auspicious occasion of the abolishing of the B. L.'s (perhaps the T. L.'s will go next), in order that all might dwell together in sisterly A. B.'s (after 1904), we were presented, each and all, with a Major as a souvenir, a veritable Ursa Major on our hands, or in our sky, as you will, which, like a Chinese laundry ticket, we were charged not to lose, lest we lose not our clean clothes, but our diplomas. You remember the story of the woman who charged her children not to put any beans up their noses while she was away. Naturally enough, as soon as she was out of sight, they immediately poked beans up their noses to see what it was like. So we, being charged not to lose our majors, found the temptation too great,—at least some of us did,—and straightway proceeded to lose them, in the hope of finding them somewhere, some time before June, 1902.

Yet, in spite of difficulties in the key of A major, we were learning many unique and valuable things: how to draw a chair up to a table without laying hands on either; how to enjoy a sunset tho' color-blind; besides interesting geographical facts concerning "Russhy" and "her manhood," and the "roaring of Niagry."

Our thoughts were rudely wrenched from such peaceful pursuits by the announcement of the Class of 1901, that she intended to present "The Foresters" for her Senior Dramatics. The place that precedent holds in this college is well known. Should 1901 depart from Shakespeare, dashed were our hopes of seeing ourselves upon the boards in that "melancholy ballad" we had so long had our mental eye upon. But, thanks to that blessed patent, or copyright, or whatever it was, our hopes were saved from perishing.

To celebrate which deliverance, we went, one and all, to the Students' Building Fair, partook largely of indigestible "hot-dogs" and rare-bits, and cheerfully bought odd mittens and bladeless penknives from the contents of the Lost-and-Found Room, which were displayed for sale.

As Freshmen, we were told that Examination Week was one of rest and quiet and fancy-work, and incidentally, of course, of examinations. This being the idea entertained by the faculty, it is no wonder that they came to feel that something should be done to enliven so very dull a period. Hence they took counsel and deliberated together. The results were all that could be desired, and more. Some lost the use of the right arm, some of the left. Crutches appeared about the campus. Excitement and interest — but not in examinations — prevailed. To take or not to take, that was the question. But we have yet to hear that the faculty felt that the success of the experiment warranted its being made a yearly custom, in spite of their appreciation of the value of precedent.

In the spring, our thoughts lightly turned to Glee Club concert tickets, and to

such of our masculine friends as looked well in evening attire, and to speculating on the probability of securing the one, could one secure the other. Turned to the Game that meant so much to our little Freshmen, whom we consoled, after the inevitable defeat, in truly elderly fashion: "There, there, don't cry. There's another year coming." Turned to the Gym. Contest. With suits neatly brushed and every hair in place, we entered, not to win,—for to win is not dignified,—but to show what true dignity is. We neither ran so fast as to leave behind a trail of hairpins and sidecombs, nor climbed ropes more swiftly than was ladylike,—and the cup went to 1903, which trifling incident could not in the least disturb our dignified composure, for were not 1903's hairpins scattered throughout the length of the gymnasium?

The date for our Junior Promenade proved as elusive as the grasshopper the Zoölogy girl pursues in the fall. How we thought we had caught it at the 8th, but no. How we were certain we had captured it at the 29th. We wrote to our second-best men to tell them so. No! But finally it was actually entrapped at the 15th. Once more we wrote, alas, no longer to our second-best, but to our sixth or seventh-best, to announce the victory. In our minds the Prom. is a memory of gowns of countless colors, relieved here and there — in the good old way of "before we came to college"—by sombre black; and of the "best time we ever had in our lives." We shall never know — so inscrutable is the mind of man — what memories linger in the minds of those sixth or seventh-best men. But one was moved to exclaim: "This is ideal! I wish it might last a year!" While we are loath to believe that the average man is so devoted to evening dress and dancing shoes as to wish to remain therein a year, yet, making all due allowance for exaggeration, he probably wished that 1902 would have another Prom., and that he might be there. Therefore we believe that they are pleasant memories.

And now the President had come back "across the blue," and it was the "beginning of the end" for 1901. She would go out into the wide, wide world. Perhaps she would follow the example of 1900 and become engaged, doubtless expecting to marry and live happy ever after. From our superior experience we realized the fallacy in this belief, and so we gave our Junior-Senior play, in which we conclusively proved to 1901 that the "course of true love never did run smooth," and, by inference, never will. But afterward, to show that, in spite of this dismal truth, there are many pleasant things in the world, we gave our Seniors frappé and lemonade and lady's fingers.

And later, when it was no longer the beginning of the end, we put on our best "dainty light gowns" and ushered 1901 out into the afore-mentioned wide, wide world. And when it was all over, and nothing remained but the memory of Petruchio's eyes and Katharine's frown; of the campus, beautiful by day in the sunlight,

and fascinating by night in the light of a myriad of Japanese lanterns; of the Seniors in their white dresses; then we came to feel more and more deeply the words we had sung:

"For us the hope that when we're done, We'll be as loved as Nineteen-one."

Sybil Lavinia Cox.



# Senior Class History



EARS and years ago—last fall, in other words—the Senior class came back to Smith College. We were very imposing. We brought with us much experience, much responsibility (especially toward the Freshmen), and a comfortable feeling of capability with which to manage all things well. This sounds as if we might have been haughty, but we were not. Far otherwise, in fact. We were too modest,—witness the front row of chapel seats! The faculty really had to sit there the

first few mornings to encourage us to go do likewise, and even then we were slow to take advantage of our unprotected state.

After we had made out several course cards apiece and had digested the new rules,—the old ones apparently having been like unto a grain of mustard-seed during the warm summer,— we settled down to our real business in life, which was to pass judgment on William Shakespeare, his works. It is to be regretted, as long as he gave us so much to choose from, that he did not give us more. If he could have been present at our first class meeting, he would undoubtedly have done so. After an afternoon of animated, impartial and sincere criticism, such as we never thought of showing in the class-room, and eloquent oratory of a sort to convince even the higher criticism, we sank back with a sigh of relief and took to our hearts "Romeo and Juliet." We were very firm with them from the beginning, however, warning them, while as yet they were not, that for the good of our emotions (and our guests') they were by no means to consider themselves a depressing, deep-hued tragedy, for we intended to dilute them comfortably into a pale-lavender sad lyric.

This matter settled to our satisfaction, we all hied us to the bookstores from whence cometh the Temple edition; and presently we showed signs of preoccupa-

tion. The night winds wafted forth across the campus a plaintive "Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day." Impassioned cries of "O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?" startled the echoes of the haunted house, — and, incidentally, a passer-by. One Romeo burst forth into "O, that I were a glove upon that hand, That I might touch that cheek!" with a truly poetic disregard of the fact that that particular Juliet was leaning, in default of other balcony, out of a third-story window. Our tread was measured, or willowy; our expression was concentrated, or girlish; and at all times we took ourselves seriously. The trials were well called, and it was with a feeling of utmost thankfulness that all of us, but the chosen few, realized that we could relax our sad-lyrical tension of mind and become commonplace once more.

Meanwhile, the college was still standing, and we found ourselves not without other occupations to fall back upon. The exercise card we have always with us, for example, likewise the chapel-attendance card, so all our spare moments have been spent with pen in hand, torturing our long-suffering and overburdened memories. We have, however, scored one triumph in the exercise line. It was feared, at one time, that we were among the number of those who have forgotten how to play; but on the latest editions of our checkered careers, the inscription "General Games" is noticeably lacking; hence we conclude that we have qualified in that line. But its omission cut off several perfectly good occupations.

We are also well pleased with our athletics record. We steered the Sophomores through a winning game, to the great detriment of our vocal chords; we defeated the Juniors right royally upon our last formal appearance in basket-ball; the tennis championships are ours; and after the Gym. contest, it was no news to us that 1902 had made the best individual score, — we've acquired the habit of doing that. We have only one regret: we tried valiantly to reconcile the trailing-robed proprieties with hockey, and it must be confessed that we met with comparatively little success.

Socially, we have no regrets. We have looked up at least two per cent. of the Freshmen who were placed under our maternal care; we have attended at least one Gym. dance; we have perpetrated and submitted to teas without murmur; we have accomplished wonders in the way of concerts, according to the concensus of opinion; and as a reward of merit we have been given "Senior parties" until it is almost unbearable to think of tearing ourselves away from a place where we are so much appreciated.

In the meanwhile we have been completing our mental equipment with ease and celerity. We have read, marked, criticised and inwardly digested books at the rate of three in two days, and never even felt symptoms of approaching mental dyspepsia. We have dealt seriously, not to say sadly, with the question of humor and jokes, relentlessly determined to find out why this is thus when we laugh. We have

endeavored to locate our imagination with as much zeal and ingenuity as the crew sought the snark. You remember

"They sought it with thimbles, they sought it with care;
They pursued it with forks and hope;
They threatened its life with a railway-share;
They charmed it with smiles and soap."

And after all, when they thought that they had finally caught it, you remember they found that they had n't at all —

"For the Snark was a Boojum, you see!"

Our experience was somewhat similar. We have also spent sundry hours, note-book in hand, running around the screens in the Art Gallery, trying to impress our memories, according to our last year's formula of frequency, recency, vividness, and correct associations. We have listened to and applied theories of the art of idleness, at odd moments of our strenuous life. In the interest of dramatic realism, which is just as good in its way as the usual kind, we have given passionate interpretations of the alphabet. In short, our career has been both complete and varied, as befits those who would arrogate and appropriate unto themselves a share of the alphabet for their own private use.

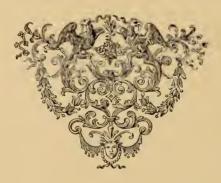
When we came back, to repeat, we certainly had the responsible, Seniorish, indispensable feeling. But there came a day — the second of May, to be exact — when it was borne in upon us that the Alumnæ were after us, that the Alumnæ would catch us, if we did n't watch out. They lured us forth with pretexts of wanting our views on "How to Run Smith College; or the second \$100,000 Fund." We came eagerly, trustingly, and found that they had followed our advice before we had given it, and that what they really wanted was to impress upon us the thought that "Our days are as the grass, or as . . .," and that we'd better join an association or two quick, before we forgot about it.

Then, though we braced our feet to keep from sliding so fast down the corridors of time, before we knew it, apple-blossoms were gone, though the back campus still remained; the Freshmen had departed, unnumbered relatives had arrived, and commencement was upon us. And with it comes a renewed conviction that there never was such a class before, and there never will be again. We have held this opinion some time, sub rosa,—if you look through our rally songs you may find some trace of it, just a hint here and there. But just now, especially, the realization of the treat that the college is doomed to miss next year is too much for us—we weep—for them, of course. We grant that others may have had their good qualities, but privately we are certain that we, of all classes, are in a position to give them advice on how to become truly indispensable. We might even be gloomy at the

prospect of leaving, did we not reflect that, after all, we are not unique in our experience of graduation, and that in spite of school-teaching, matrimony, and all other perils by land or sea, we shall probably be very much the same people twenty years from now, when we meet to sing again our well-tried creed, that

"The best you say leaves better yet unsaid Of the class of Nineteen-two."

ETHEL WITHINGTON CHASE.



Verse

### Ode for Washington's Birthday

t

THY country brought thee forth, O Washington, In midst of chaos, darkness, war. The light That slowly dawned did but reveal thy greatness, Nor could find thy equal. As upon The wall whereon the masters of the past Had traced with mystic touch the likenesses Of those whom Florence held in grateful memory, There shows amid the lines that time has dimmed One noble profile, Dante's, clear and strong, So, on the wall that patriot hands upreared Around our young republic at her birth, For her protection, and that thereupon The faces of her great might be described, Thy clear-cut profile, O great Washington, Stands out against a background formed of those Whose traceries are indistinct and blurred. Her noblest son thou wert, O Washington, Her greatest citizen. None other shared The love she bore thee - measureless. And now Full six score years' her feet have trod the path Wherein thou didst with loving wisdom set them,-Full six score years, whose ever changing fates Have brought no lessening of thy country's love, Which is to-day as measureless, as strong, As vesterday — a century ago. Yet not because, when dangers dimmed her skies, And clouds that gathered over seas drew low, T was thou didst draw thy sword and fight for her, The while thou sufferedst all things for her sake:-Ten thousand others suffered at thy side,

And fought, and died, and are forgotten now. 'T is not for battles fought she loves thee, nor Because, in time of peace, thou mad'st wise laws While guiding her along her toilsome path; -For other hands than thine have led her on, And other minds than thine her laws conceived. Yea, greater laws than ever thou didst frame. T is not as soldier or as statesman that She honors thee. Thy epitaph be not That thou wert ever first in peace and war, But rather this: Thou lov'dst much and wert strong. Thy love it was long-suffering and kind, Bereft of vanity or hope of gain, That battling 'gainst such odds as never were, O'ercame resistance, loosed thy country's bonds, And set her free. Thy strength it was That saved her from herself, when greatly torn By jealousies and doubts; thy strength that made From thirteen petty states one glorious whole.

Full six score years have passed, whose lingering touch Has left the wall a bulwark vast, and drawn New faces numberless. Amid them all Thy clear-cut profile, O great Washington, Stands out against a background greater now Than once, but yet still dim and indistinct. O God, whose mighty hand the nations holds, Grant us to-day to love our country more, To love self less, to walk in spirit ever more And more with him who loved much and was strong.

Sybil Lavinia Cox.

### To Smith College

# WRITTEN FOR THE QUARTER CENTENARY CELEBRATION OCTOBER SECOND AND THIRD, 1900

By Helen Isabel Walbridge



ONCE more we bring our hearts to thee,
Once more our hopes we dedicate,
O College of our love!—
Thou mighty wind whom soul hath wrought,
Whom none but soul again may move.

As sure as life that never ends,
Though man may come and speak and go,
So surely stand thy halls;
As shadows blowing on the sea,
So frail our ivy on thy walls.

O silent voice whom none may know,
O tempest blast who goest forth
Where none may follow thee,
Thy children listen for thy word,
Thy breath that they may hear and see.

With empty words we dare not call,—
Too deep she dwelleth in our thought,
Too deep within our heart.
She is of life a part to us;
Her praise of life be more than part.

To her we bring what we have done,
Alike our failure, our success,—
She is our guide in all;
Our sternest judge when we would boast,
Our surest help if we should fall.

To her we bring our hope of life,
Our old ideals nobler grown,
Her lesson sought for, found:—
Life still is greater than our thought,
For thought still waits, untaught, unbound.

Thy blast bears out we know not where,
The end we fear not, for his soul
That wrought thy life in thee
Still shapes thy course aright to those
Whose sails have met the rougher sea.

Once more we bring our hearts to thee,
Once more our hopes we dedicate,
O College of our love!—
Thou mighty wind whom soul hath wrought.
Whom none but soul again may move.

### A SMITH GIRL; OR, THE WOMANLY WOMAN IN PROCESS

Do you see her running breathless across the campus there, Carrying her knowledge in her head? If you knew how much she carried, you would earnestly declare That, really, you should think she would be dead!

There's the record of her golf-score, and the properties of zinc,
And her last prom.-man's refusal (he's the tenth)!

There's her reference work in ethics, and a thought from Maeterlinck,
And the chase she's just been led by X the Nth.

She has just been cramming history into her stuffy mind,
And she hopes that for one hour she'll not forget.
For the process is most harrowing of being history-nined—
Guillotines won't hold a candle to't, you bet!

There's the nineteenth French assembly (would she could recall the date)!
And Canning and Napoleon and Sedan.
There's her dress-rehearsal for to-night (that comes at half-past eight),

And—oh!—what was that question?—"Rights of Man?"

Is she busy, did you ask? Not at all. She's quite at leisure.

An ice? It's just the thing she's pining for.

First, "her hat; then, "just a note," and she'll go with you with pleasure.

With so much on hand, what's one thing less or more?

Alack! 'T will soon be over, time of study-books and fun,
Then a proper "woman womanly" she'll be.
They say that not till then will her life-work be begun,
But she thinks that now she's working. I agree.

April 28, 1902.

GERTRUDE OGDEN TUBBY.

### "PLEASE EXPAND"

When you first come up to college,
And you somehow feel as though
Recitations, lectures, schedules
Were a vain, bewildering show,
If one thing could make you certain
That you're treading unknown land,
'T is a theme, returned, and bearing
This quaint message, "Please expand."

As a Sophomore, you write papers
Which you think are rather neat,
Your instructor—has she read them—
Smiles upon you when you meet.
Oh the woe of three days later,
Downfall of your castles grand,
At the words that now confront you!
"Work too hasty—please expand."

Junior year you know what's wanted,
And you write your treatise, strong
In conviction of its merit,
For, at least, it's amply long.
Soon the paper comes back to you,
Bearing in a well-known hand,
"Good. This is good. It would be better
If you'd now and then expand."

When your Senior days are numbered,
How the memories of the past
Throng you as you read the comment
Which you know will be the last.
"You have done good work while with us,
We can make but one demand
For improvement; keep on working
As before, and now—expand!"
HELEN ESTHER KELLEY.

#### THE CHARM

In the days when great giants and ogres there were To terrify heaven and earth, When brave princes flourished and fairies and elves Presided at princesses' birth;

In the days when these things all existed for me, A princess there was, fair and gay, With long golden hair, rosy lips and blue eyes, Such as princesses had in that day.

No one ever said "Mustn't" or "Don't, child!" to her, Grown folks didn't order her round; She could do what she liked — no wonder she was The happiest princess e'er found.

Her one supreme charm, I'll confide it to you;
Not her beauty or goodness or wealth
Was what made her so dear, but the one little fact
That the princess was always myself.

ALICE EDITH EGBERT.

#### WHITHER THY FANCIES

Whither thy fancies, little white soul,
Dreaming here on my knee?
As close as floweret to the plant,
As close as leaf to tree,
As close as cheek to cheek close-pressed,
So close thou art to me,
And yet thy fancies, little white soul,
Oh, whither do they flee?

I fear thy fancies, little white soul,
May bear thee far away,
And farther yet to regions strange,
Lit by more glowing day.
I see thee haste, and follow not,
And may not bid thee stay.
I fear thy fancies, little white soul,
That bear thee far away.

Wilt trust thy fancies, little white soul,
That bear thee on so blind,
Through varied seasons seeking yet,
What thou wilt never find;
Searching in vain far-distant lands,
Hoping to greet thy kind?
Yet trust thy fancies, little white soul,
Who knows what thou wilt find?

RUTH BARBARA CANEDY.

#### THE MOON-FLOWER

Listlessly through the long day waiting — waiting —
Awaiting the night and with it her lord, the moon,
Heeding no sign of the day but the sun at its setting,
Drooping her head, she breathes, heart-pining, "come soon —
Come soon!"

But the moon cares not that the clouds are vailing this splendor,
What should he know of the moon-flower, drooping her head?
Pale, lovely flower — he knows not her silent adoring,
Nor would care if he knew, for the heart of the moon is dead,
Is dead!

AGNES CLAIRE INGLIS.

#### IN HARMONY

To live so close to nature's soul, The soul that stirs the summer breeze. That fashions countless books from greenwood trees, That murmurs into every form of life An undertone of melody so strangely rife With harmonies before unknown of men, That human ears are startled, touched, enthralled, And strain to catch again Some echo of the wondrous, unwrit song; To be so much a part of all the power that sways the world, That lights the stars and feels within itself The vast compelling force of endless life, That each far-throbbing heart-beat of the greater life Finds some small echo in our humanness, Vibrating strangely from the power unrealized heretofore, This is it that I long to feel, and know, and feel again, That something of its glorious meaning I may give to men.

EDITH TURNER NEWCOMB.

### **DANCING**

What is a perfect dance?
It is to feel
One's freedom, — from the world to steal,
To enter sweet and soothing realms
Where self-soft music overwhelms.
It is to know pure sympathy
In that each step must answered be
By harmony complete in will
And act, true pleasure to instil.
It is, o'er all, to lose the world,
To set adrift stern self-restraint;
As nature's child with spirit light
To feel again the child's delight.

RACHEL BERENSON.

#### **NIGHT**

AFTER the glow of the sunset,
When earth is waiting and still,
When the soft, cool hand of the evening
Lies resting on meadow and hill,
When before the great white throne
The tired angels are kneeling,
Then through the purple shadows
The night comes stealing — stealing.

Over the meadows he hurries,
Past furrows turned by the plow,
Over the snow-wreathed mountains,
A star shining bright on his brow,
With eyes full of wonder he lingers,
Eyes that are near to revealing
The infinite song of the lips
That his stern white finger is sealing.

Then mothers sing to their children,
Smiling up into the eyes
Of the strong, kind, tender night,
As the little one sleeping lies.
Then men come home to their hearthstones
Where mother and children are waiting,
Away from the glare of the day,
With its thoughtless striving and hating.

All is forgotten, forgiven,
In the holy calm of the night,
And men talk of their deepest love
In the flickering firelight.
And then, as the shadows deepen,
The soft, low voices cease,
And sleep leaves a kiss on each forehead,
A tender kiss of peace.

After the glow of the sunset,
When earth is waiting and still,
When the soft, cool hand of the evening,
Lies resting on meadow and hill,
When before the great white throne
The tired angels are kneeling,
Then through the purple shadows
The night comes stealing — stealing.

HELEN ISABEL WALBRIDGE.

#### SONNET

When at the bar of justice, self-arraigned,
I stand, applauded by the approving throng,
The tatters of my honor undisdained
Because the cloak of my success is long;
When fortune witnesses in my behalf,
And flattered judgment lends a willing ear,
And scorn, discountenanced, omits to laugh
Because invited truth did not appear;
Despising all the world for not despising,
My faith dismantled of its latest shred.
Self-sentenced beyond the court's apprising,
Self-mocked with all their folly on my head—
Ah, bitter pay, after so many lies
To turn and read my verdict in thine eyes!

EDITH LARABEE LEWIS.

#### A MEMORY

"A NOTE on the violin,
A bit of sky, deep blue,
A bunch of violets, fragrance-steeped".

Mean they aught to you?

How came they to your mind?

What chance unlocked the door
And showed to you my treasure-house
Where I my memories store?

Can you, too, see her stand, Slender, white, all eyes; With deep blue violets at her waist To lend her mortal guise?

Can you, too, hear the soul
Enthralling cry, half pain,
She drew from the violets' throbbing heart—
That wistful, yearning strain?

Can you, too, see the blue
Of her child-like, haunting eyes,
Like the skies we love the best of all,
The star-lit deep blue skies?

Ah, tell me, do you know her?

It could be none but she!

And yet — no! Leave her as she is,

A memory to me!

ETHEL WITHINGTON CHASE.

# Songs for B. B. Games and Rallies

de

#### AIR: "JOHN BROWN'S BODY"

You may boast of 1900, 1901 or '99, But 1902 's the winning class, she 'll get there every time. In bravery, in books, in breaks, in boundless, burning zeal Will she go marching on. Glory, glory to the Freshmen (Sophs., Juniors, Seniors). Glory, glory to the Freshmen (Sophs., Juniors, Seniors). Glory, glory to the Freshmen (Sophs., Juniors, Seniors).

#### TO THE CLASS OF 1902

Air: "Eli Green's Cake Walk" THE Senior Class with grassy numbers,

Feels so big it don't know what to do,

You just go wipe your learnéd glasses,

And wait for 1902!

Oh Juniors kind, with regal colors, colors

We want to leave a warning word with you: Don't get too many into Alpha, Alpha,

But wait for 1902!

Oh, Sophomores proud with bilious banners,

The weeks are getting very, very few. You'd better start your secret practice, practice,

And wait for 1902!

#### CHORUS: "ISABELLE"

For we're a class that has never been surpassed, We're 1902! We're 1902! You'ask us why we have never been outclassed—

We answer wisely, because we 're 1902, Oh! 1902!

#### AIR: "MAMMY'S LITTLE PUMPKIN-COLORED COONS."

NINETEEN-TWO! wait! until you see what's in us,

Freshmen yet, but don't forget
Mighty oaks from little fresh, green acorns grew.
Nineteen-two! Oh, indeed we are not boasting,
Boasting what we 'll do.
Sh! Three years, then look for peers
In the class of Nineteen Hundred Two.

#### LAMENT FOR SOPHOMORES

Tune: "In the Gloaming"

O, we're sorry, sorry, Sophomores, 'T is no wonder you're afraid, Well, you may shrink back in terror, Yours is not the victor's wreath.

Had you known what was awaiting You would long ago have fled; As it is your fate is sealed, Crimson over yellow treads.

#### AIR: "I DON'T WANT TO PLAY IN YOUR YARD"

NINETEEN Hundred heat you last year; Nineteen Hundred taught us how;
Nineteen Hundred taught us how;
Nineteen Hundred never blundered.
Where's your chance of winning now?
Do you ask us who we are, then?
'T is a fearsome thing for you,— Nineteen Hundred never blundered -We are 190 - 2!

#### AIR: "YANKEE DOODLE"

THE Sophomores by sleight of hand Mean to beat the Freshmen; But Nineteen-two has pluck and sand,
We do not think we 'll let them!
Then cheer for Nineteen Hundred Two, For Nineteen-two's a daisy! 'T is 1900 trained our team,
'T is neither slow nor lazy!

#### AIR: "CLEMENTINE"

Don't be sorry, don't be troubled, If you can't sing as we do, For you can't be quite expected To come up to 1902!

#### AIR: "JUST ONE GIRL"

THERE'S a class in the halls of Smith College, Nineteen-two, Nineteen-two, Surpassing all others in knowledge, Even you, even you—
'T is the pride of the class-room and campus Through and through, through and through,

Each loyal heart blazes to sing of the praises of Nineteen two.

Сно. - Nineteen-two, oh, it 's Nineteen-two! There are three other classes, But none so true. The finest yet, we will ne'er forget To sing the praises forever Of Nineteen-two!

Of Nineteen-two!

'T is known that the Faculty love us, Nineteen-two, Nineteen-two,
For no other class stands above us,
Tell us who, tell us who!
In the Bible and Lit. we do wonders, Yes we do, yes we do, The societies pine for the intellect fine Of Nineteen-two!

Сно. - Nineteen-two, etc.

#### AIR: "WHISTLING RUFUS"

HERE's to the class of Nineteen Hundred, Here's to Nineteen-two! Give three cheers for the crimson banner, Three for the purple, too! Soph'mores and Seniors stand together, Faithful we are and true; And in Smith College there are like us Only a very few.

Cно. — To the grave Seniors we'll e'er be loyal And guard with crimson their colors royal. We'll cherish with true endeavor Our college and the class of 1902!

#### CHORUS: "THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING"

THE Soph'mores are coming, heigh-ho, heigh-ho! The best class in college, we never are slow, The Soph'mores are coming, heigh-ho, heigh-ho!

The Juniors and Seniors may boast of their knowledge; The Freshmen because they have entered our college; But if you should seek for the best all-round lass, You'll surely find her in the Sophomore class!

#### TUNE: "WHERE, OH WHERE IS MY LITTLE DOG GONE'

OH where, oh where have the Freshmen gone? Oh where, oh where can they be?
With their scores so short and their faces so long. Oh where, oh where can they be?

#### AIR: "GENERAL GRANT"

COME classmates true, we'll sing a rousing song To the class we love together.

She's been our friend these happy years along,
Through sun and rainy weather.

Then lift right high our Lion nobly red,
And cheer him loud anew;
The best we say leaves better yet unsaid

Of the class of Nineteen-two.

Сно. — Then a long cheer for Nineteen-two, Rah, Rah! And a strong cheer for Nineteen-two! The best we say leaves better yet unsaid Of the class of Nineteen-two!

The years pass by; no longer we'll remain United as Nineteen-two,
Yet every time we hear the dear old name,
'T will thrill us through and through.
'T will bring back thoughts of comradeship so sweet, And friendships strong and true, Yet, over all, the praises we'll repeat Of dear old Nineteen-two!

Сно. — Then a long cheer for Nineteen-two, Rah, Rah! And a strong cheer for Nineteen-two!

And over all, the praises we'll repeat
Of dear old Nineteen-two!

#### ETON BOATING SONG

STRONG in love of comrades, Faithful, fair Smith, to you, Sing we a song together, Seniors of Nineteen-two.

Cho. — For we'll all stand united
With loyalty strong and true,
For our dear Alma Mater,
And the class of Nineteen-two.

Highest in work or athletics, Always the best of all,
Share we our laurels gaily,
Honors both great and small.

More than we prize our laurels, Better than gold or fame, Love we our class and college, Ever to us the same. And -

CHO. -

Сно. -

#### BOBBY AND I (THE MUSKETEER)

COMRADES in Nineteen-two are we, Praising her e'er in loyalty. Fling out our Lion that all may see: Fearing him for his loyalty. Nineteen-two, we sing to thee Pledge thee our hearts' sincerity. When all is over, we'll ne'er forget, And comrades we'll be forever.

Comrades in Nineteen-two are we, Welcome we give and sympathy To that fair class whose high degree Makes them the talk of faculty. Nineteen-four, we sing to thee, Pledge thee our hearts' sincerity. When all is over, we'll ne'er forget, And comrades we'll be forever.

#### "THE MOSOUITO PARADE"

WE are the class of Nineteen-two—We are the class of Nineteen-two! Loudly ringing, hear our singing, Listen while we tell to you.
We are the class of Nineteen-two—We are the class of Nineteen-two! Raise your glasses

All ye classes, Here 's to Nineteen-two!

We teach the class of Nineteen-four— We teach the class of Nineteen-four! She's daily showing what she 's knowing, Listen while we sing to her. We teach the class of Nineteen-four— We teach the class of Nineteen-four!

Raise your glasses
All ye classes,
Here's to Nineteen-four!

We are the class of Nineteen-two— We are the class of Nineteen-two We beat you all at basket-ball, Which Nineteen-four will prove to you. We are the class of Nineteen-two ! We are the class of Nineteen-two! Raise your glasses

All ye classes, Here 's to Nineteen-two!

When Nineteen-two shows her valiant red, With a ho, heigh-ho! There follows a cheer for the lion dread Whose might we all well know. As Soph'mores bold, or Juniors gay, Or Seniors stately, we lead the way, So here 's to Nineteen-two!

#### TUNE: "YANKEE DOODLE"

I'n never be a Jabberwock!
I'd rather never see one! But I can tell you anyhow,
I'd rather see than be one!

CHO. — Naughty, Naughty, Naughty-two!
Naughty-two forever!
Here's to you, our Lion true!
We'll ne'er desert him, never!

I love to see a Unicorn!
I'd even love to be one,
But as I am a Lion red, I fear I cannot be one!

Сно. -

I 'd never be a yellow chick!
I 'd rather never see one! But I can tell you anyhow, I'd rather see than be one!

Сно. -

CHEER our red Lion, All classes, cheer! You'll miss him when he's No longer here! Ta-ra-ra. Give him your praises Tili the roof raises. Three cheers for Nineteen-two!

Then — roar you red Lion! Roar with a vim, Roar to the finish -Never give in! Ta-ra-ra. Just do your best, then, We'll do the rest, then, Hurrah for Nineteen-two!

#### TUNE: "OUR DIRECTOR"

A class there is in college
Like Washington—
First in war and first in peace,
And the hearts of every one!
Then cheer our class victorious
Our conquering pathway through!
Alma Mater points with pride
To—Nineteen-two!
Rah! Rah!

Cho. — And when — we are departed, We 'll still be true, To old Smith College And — Nineteen-two!

But Nineteen-four's behind us, Loyal and true, Worthy successors Of the class of Nineteen-two! We hold no tie in college Dearer, or more, Than that which binds us to you, Dear Nineteen-four. Rah! Rah!

Cho. — And when — we are departed, We'll evermore, Stand by Smith College And Nineteen-four!

> Hard luck for all the college When we are through; For there was never A class like Nineteen-two! Come, classmates, follow closely Our glorious Lion true, And hail the great Director Of — Nineteen-two! Rah! Rah!

CHO. — And when — we are departed,
We'll still be true
To old Smith College
And — Nineteen-two!

#### TUNE: "HERE COMES CARRIE NATION"

Он, here comes Nineteen-five, Mm—how in the world you see? Just tell them by their actions, They 're as green as they can be. (Sh-sh.

Oh, here comes Nineteen-four, Just cheer them aloud and long. You'll find that they deserve it. Their virtues are so strong. (Sh-sh.)

Oh, here comes Nineteen-three —
The best — oh no!
The best to say about them
They 're not exactly slow. (Sh-sh.)

Oh, here comes Nineteen-two, Mm — how in the world do you know? Just tell them by their laurels And the college bowing low. (Sh-sh.)

#### TUNE: "CAPTAIN JINKS"

OH, we're the class of Nineteen-two, We're not a thing if not true blue. And you had best believe it true, We're the finest in the college.

Сно. — So don't you think you ought to pay Honor to our banner gay, And one and all unite to say We're the finest in the college?

We teach the class of Nineteen-four In basket-ball to make a score That'll beat the Freshmen off the floor — We're the finest in the college.

Сно. -

And so in charity you know,
We think in June we'll have to go,
To give some other class a show—
We're the finest in the college.

#### TUNE: "UP THE STREET"

Look where the crimson hanners fly!
Hark to the sound of tramping feet.
Nineteen-two is drawing nigh,
The Lion is leading up the street,
Onward again to victory!
Where'er the call needs courage strong,
Heeding the cry—as it thunders along,
As it thunders along!

Behold, we come in view
Who wear the crimson hue!
Whose aims are high,
Whose hearts are true,
Ever triumphant!

And Nineteen-two shall be our aim, As through the ages her fame shall roll While altogether we guard her name And cheer her with heart and soul! Ta-ra-ra-rum!



















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		'98 -'99		
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"Esmeralda" .				. Morris House
'99 - I 900				
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"Lovers of Romance"				. Dickinson House
"The Critic" .				. Sarm Ganok
"Ralph Roister Doister"			•	. Tertium Quid
1900-1901				
"To serve for Meat and Fee"				. Tyler House
"La Bataille de Dames"				. Morris House
"White Aprons".				. Lawrence House
"Engaged"				. Wallace House
1901-1902				
"The Cricket on the Hearth"				. Sarm Ganok
"Fanchon the Cricket"				. Albright House
"Lady of Lyons".				. Tertium Quid
"The Sevres Cup" .				. Dickinson House



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MAIN ENTRANCE



VIEW FROM TOP OF COLLEGE HALL



GATE TO COLLEGE GROUNDS



PARADISE



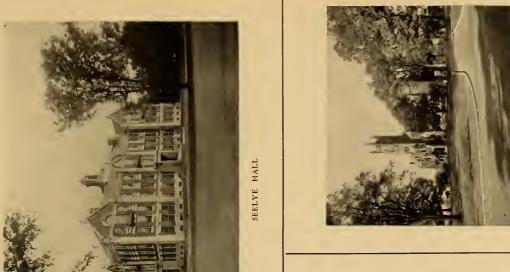
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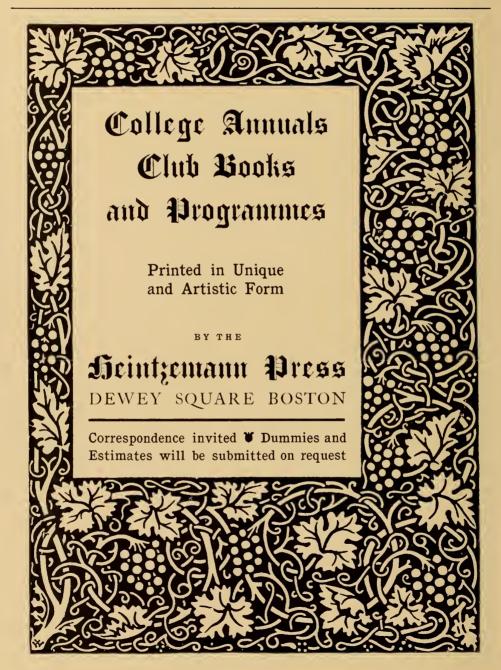
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